

Heritage & Destiny

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EDITORIAL

Heritage & Destiny

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Heritage and Destiny is a quarterly journal devoted to the study and promotion of Western culture and civilization.

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FORUM

Heritage and Destiny aims to help provide a forum for the objective analysis of important issues, including the assets and liabilities of all political, economic and religious systems.

Our *Forum* section is where you — the readers — can present your comments and ideas, especially where these are short and thus unsuitable for inclusion in the form of articles.

If you have anything interesting to say on the themes with which we are — or ought to be — concerned, then let us have your views. Address contributions to *H&D Forum*, Heritage Books, BCM 5766, London WC1V 6XX.

In order to promote the freest possible

Calling Mr. Wright

Would Mr. Wright who subscribed to *Heritage and Destiny* but who does not seem to have given us his correct postal address please contact us.

Page two

debate, contributors will be identified by numbers only.

- I found a copy of your magazine waiting for me when I returned a few days ago from a visit to the UK. I had been wondering when someone would follow the example of the French and produce something like this in English. It is something very much needed. (15, South Africa).
- I have just finished reading your *Heritage and Destiny* No. 3 and I was quite pleased to note the high quality of the writing and editing.

I believe that it is very important that periodicals whose primary thrust is a cultural revival — i.e. a reawakening of a sense of racial solidarity based on a deep knowledge of and love for one's racial-cultural heritage — as opposed to purely political or ideological periodicals, become established and gain wide circulation. Only with a solid

of all-round excellence is the model of the new man who points the way to biological advance — the bridge between man and superman.

It is a model that has been suppressed and submerged by the safety-first values of bourgeois liberal society, but its day will come.

The over-civilized and over-domesticated types who rule today are too effete to survive. They cannot preserve the civilization that has spawned them, and if it goes down the good will be lost with the bad.

If the State is not conquered by barbarians from within, then it will be conquered by barbarians from without.

cultural base can we hope to build a political revolution.

I doubt that the situation is as bad in Britain as it is in the United States . . . We have a generation of "educated" Whites over here who have not the faintest notion of their European racial roots. Most university graduates, even those with PhDs, are surprised to hear that English is a Germanic language and that modern English and modern German have common roots. I spoke to a group of high school teachers several years ago who could not be convinced that the Celts were Indo-Europeans! (16, USA).



The return of the warrior

But if there was hope, it lay in the proles.
from George Orwell's
Nineteen Eighty-Four

IN the 1920s and 30s youth was in the forefront of those revolutionary movements of national regeneration which swept across Europe, combatting both the reactionaries of the Old Order and the shysters of international Marxism.

Since the Second World War, however, that enduring alliance of Capitalism and Communism has used its joint domination of the mass media to steer any youth revolt in an internationalist direction. Big Business owners and Trotskyite hacks may not see eye to eye, but they are quite capable of collaborating against the rise of any 'Third Force'.

This cosy set-up has now been totally upset, for mass Coloured Immigration has provoked a youth revolt that is stridently Nationalist and Racialist. Of all the developments which might herald the resurgence of a healthy national and racial ethnocentrism, this youth revolt — which takes form in the 'skinhead' cult — is one of the most significant and encouraging signs.

In contrast to the largely middle-class students and trendies who were the hippies of the 1960s, the 'skins' are a working-class phenomenon, and wear a uniform of short-cropped hair and big boots. Their appearance is military and militant.

Physical prowess and toughness are recognised qualities, as they should be in a society which faces the realities of the struggle for life.

Skinheads display attitudes which are complete anathema to the fashionable fiction of multiracial brotherhood in which the ruling Establishment has such a big stake.

It is, of course, the White working class which finds itself in the front line. According to a recent report the most likely victim of Black muggers is not the little old lady, but the young White male. Such attacks are not carried out purely for the motive of financial gain, but are race hate attacks.

Despite its tough image the skinhead cult is not all brawn and no brain. It is not a movement of mindless yahoos, but is deeply and actively politicised.

Skinheads have absorbed the cynicism of a society without ideals, and have turned that cynicism against its very instigators and perpetrators.

This process has been fuelled by youth unemployment. The psychological effects of unemployment fall more heavily on the



young who never get a job than on older people thrown out of work.

But socio-economic factors do not provide the main motivation for disaffection or the subject of its rallying cries. That motivation comes from the instinctive resentment provoked by seeing their country turned into a dustbin for the world's trash. It is a situation over which they — more than anybody else — were never consulted, but with which they are expected to live.

Just as sections of the student population provide Marxism with a social base, skinheads provide the cause of Racial-Nationalism with a mass base, and, indeed, a ready-made army.

It is no wonder that the skinhead revolt has occurred, but it enjoys no sympathy, of course, from any part of the Establishment. The self-same journalistic hacks who display such empathy for the denizens of the Third World, and who strive to 'understand' and 'make excuses for' the Black mugger, treat the White skin with universal fear, hatred and contempt.

Mass movement

In their eagerness to condemn skinheads as a nasty minority of violent thugs, these effete ink-slingers seem to ignore the fact that the cult is today a mass movement amongst Britain's White working-class youth, and that it numbers in its ranks the sons (and daughters) of the journalists' own readers!

Skinheads share many of the attitudes of their parents, but with the difference that they do not have the old political loyalties of their parents, and they are also willing to act.

Patriotism still exists amongst the working class, and the fact that journalists despise it shows the gulf that exists between these self-appointed tribunes of the people and the people themselves. For all their

theoretical egalitarianism, one constantly detects a sneering social snobbery in the attacks made by journalists on working-class Racialists.

Bourgeois hacks will spill volumes of ink on the 'meaningfulness' of some trendy theatrical group, but they cannot conceive of a spontaneous working class initiative. The real voice of the working-class is, for these middle-class theorists, a 'false consciousness' which does not fit their Marxist misconceptions of what the working-class ought to be thinking.

Tribal assertiveness

Hostility to skinheads is shared by other arms of the ruling Establishment such as the police, who harass them on sight purely because of the shortness of their hair and the way that they dress.

Like other cults which promote horizontal loyalty rather than vertical obedience, the skinhead cult is a phenomenon that makes all forms of established authority profoundly uncomfortable.

Rulers may not command the respect of all their citizens, but they do at least like to command a monopoly of armed force. Skinheads have their own code, their own morality, their own sense of right and wrong, but — more than that — they have the psychological willingness to resort to force in situations where others would hold back.

The skinhead cult is a cult of tribal assertiveness. Like all armies it presents a nihilistic image to its opponents, who will inevitably shrink in horror. Others will recognize that ancient barbaric qualities are just what our effete, over-civilized and self-abasing society needs in order to revitalize it and steel it for the coming struggle for survival.

Britain is a sick society in crisis. The skinhead revolt is a natural and inevitable development: it is the return of the warrior.

Epstein centenary flops

LAST year saw the attempted revival of interest in the sculpture of the late Sir Jacob Epstein. It was prompted by the hundredth anniversary of his birth — to prosperous immigrant parents in New York's East Side. At least three exhibitions of his work were staged in London, the principal one being at the Ben-Uri Gallery.

The modern art scene is dominated by what Wilmot Robertson described as "the fake artist — the man without talent and training who becomes an artist by self-proclamation." (*The Dispossessed Majority*, Howard Allen 1973). It is also dominated by a close-knit coterie of 'art experts' who proclaim the 'talent' of their soul-mates in an orgy of backslapping racial solidarity.

While the Epstein revival was favourably received by the rootless cosmopolitans who comprise today's 'art world', it was a complete flop in terms of popular appeal despite plugs in the mass media.

Abstract art represents a degeneration of cultural standards. It is a regression to the primitive and to the childish. In its extreme forms it is simply meaningless.

Alien ugliness

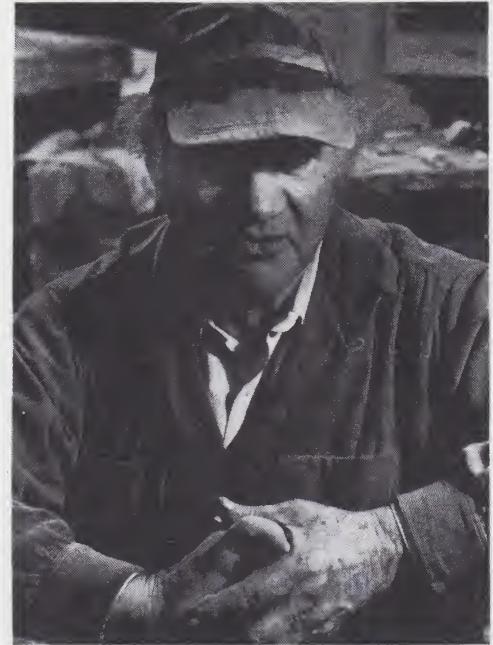
Epstein's work is not meaningless. It is sufficiently representational to project and reflect strong and racially alien aesthetics. In that Epstein was not alone, but Epstein goes a stage further. He presents us with a leering and provocative portrayal of alien ugliness which assaults our aesthetic senses.

Our own traditional Western art aspired to ennoble our aesthetic senses by providing us with an idealized representation of ourselves. The beauty, strength and heroism of our Race were the qualities it conveyed. The artists who produced it were an élite, but they were an élite whose work reflected the soul of the organic community from which they had sprung and with which they were in harmony.

What kind of mind and soul possessed Epstein to aspire so deliberately and so obviously to hideous ugliness as his crowning artistic achievement?

One characteristically hideous 'masterpiece' was entitled *Genesis*. The potentially sensitive and beautiful image of a pregnant woman was reduced to an ape-like caricature with Mongolian feature and grossly oversized hands.

The producer of such art must be at odds with the society around him. Such art can only be interpreted as an act of war in a cultural struggle — a challenge that flies in



Left: anti-art.
Above: anti-artist.

the face of our sensibilities. It is as if Epstein wanted to assault our senses. "Take that!" he is saying.

In another passage (*ibid* pg. 229) Wilmot Robertson states: "In a non-aristocratic, heterogeneous, fragmented society which has become an arena of contending cultures or sub-cultures, the minority artist may concentrate on proving his 'non-belonging'. He now rejects instead of adopts the host culture in

order to demonstrate his independence or his allegiance to the cultural traditions of his own group. In the process his art becomes a weapon. Having sacrificed his talent to immediacy and robbed it of the proportion and subtlety which makes art art, the minority artist not only lowers his own artistic standards, but those of society as a whole. All that remains is the crude force of his stridency and his 'message'."

Poland: banks and tanks

IN our article on Armand Hammer (*H&D* No. 3) we pointed out that Western Capitalists have an interest in bolstering Communist control of Eastern Europe in order to maintain stability and protect their investments.

Support for this analysis was recently provided by Anthony Sampson writing in *Newsweek* (20 April 1981) — the influential American news magazine:

"Today the total Polish debt is alarming . . . The cost of servicing that debt in 1981 is reckoned to be more than the total value of Polish exports. That has scared Poland's

creditors who have become more aware of their exposure in Poland at a time when other big debtor countries like Brazil are also looking risky. Worse yet, no one can be certain who will guarantee Poland's debts and enforce its financial discipline. Many bankers assume that the Poles will have to look toward the Soviets for much of their future borrowing, but they can no longer be sure that the country is still under the Soviet umbrella . . . Several bankers have privately admitted that they would feel much safer if Russian tanks rolled into Poland."

Six hundredth anniversary of the Peasants' Revolt

THE Peasants' Revolt of 1381 was not only a social but a Nationalist uprising. Opposition to taxation and demands for the abolition of Feudalism were coupled with opposition to the presence of foreigners who had been allowed to settle in England. The revolt was thus directed both against the ruling Establishment of the day and against foreign immigrants.

Both town and country had long been smouldering with discontent owing to a multiplicity of reasons.

One of the major causes of rural discontent can be traced to the high mortality rate brought about by the Black Death (Bubonic Plague) between 1348 and 1375. This put severe strains on the cultivation of domanial estates, and resulted in a sharp clash between the interests of lords and labourers.

There were two classes of labourer — the villein who held strips of land in return for discharging certain customary obligations, and the landless labourer who worked for wages. The aim of the landlord was to extract the customary dues from the former as stringently as possible, and to pay the latter as little as possible.

The villein, on the other hand, wanted to escape these customary obligations in favour of paying a fixed rent as a tenant, while the wage labourer's obvious aim was to earn as much as possible.

Tied to the land, the villein was in a weak bargaining position, but the wage labourer could move around in response to the offer of better wages as employers competed for a scarce commodity. A constantly rising wage level was thus inevitable under the circumstances, though the landlords attempted to suppress it through the Statute of Labourers — a statutory incomes policy used to ensure a cheap supply of labour at a fixed price.

Townsmen, suffering under ecclesiastical domination or corrupt oligarchies, took advantage of the rural discontent to raise their own grievances. One of their main grievances was the way in which the independent craftsman was being replaced by incipient Capitalism. Growth in the scale of production had created a class of large employers and a class of artisans who found it impossible to start up in business for themselves.

Added to this was resentment against foreign merchants and manufacturers. Richard II's grandfather, Edward III, had

been responsible for encouraging foreign immigration in order to help expand the English woollen industry. This influx was naturally opposed by the unemployed who saw the swelling of the labour pool depressing the demand for native hands.

These Flemish weavers did not contrast racially with the native population, but like many later immigrants their presence was socially disruptive.

Finally there was the suspicion that corruption and treason were the cause of the failure to win the expensive and disastrous war against France.

Poll Tax

The spark that ignited the powder keg was a new Poll Tax which the government, bankrupted by the war, had been forced to levy. All over England the peasants made false returns by suppressing knowledge of the existence of female dependents. The attempt was so obvious that the government despatched new commissioners. After a month of friction the explosion occurred.

The revolt triggered by the new tax inspection first broke out at Brentwood in Essex and spread quickly across that county and the neighbouring county of Kent. It was also to affect Cambridgeshire and the rest of East Anglia, but we shall concentrate on the events which centred on London and the south-east.

In practical military terms the rebels enjoyed certain advantages which few if any revolutionaries possess today. It was the ordinary people who provided the backbone of the army. Bows and bills were in every home in the land, and almost the entire male population was trained as well as armed.

Wat Tyler

The Kent rebels gathered in large numbers at Dartford on 5 June. They were not opposed to the war with France, but only to the government's incapacity to pursue it to a successful conclusion. Their concern for national defence led them to order all those living within twelve leagues of the sea to remain at home to guard the coast from invasion.

Under the leadership of Wat Tyler, who was probably a military veteran, the rebels moved on Canterbury where they gained the services of a religious crank — John Ball. On

Contd. overleaf

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HISTORY

11 June they began their march on London, covering the seventy miles from Canterbury to Blackheath in two days.

The Essex rebels, meanwhile, were moving on London along the north bank of the Thames and by 12 June were encamped at Mile End.

Probably because of widespread sympathy for the rebel cause amongst Londoners, the government placed its hope in conciliation.

On 13 June the young king, Richard II, took barge down the Thames from the Tower to Greenwich to meet the Kent rebels, who were assembled under two large banners bearing the cross of St. George. Judging it unwise to land the Royal party began to row away. The archers amongst the rebels could at this point have showered them with a fatal visitation of cloth-yard shafts. The fact that they did not underlines their claim to have been operating not against the king, but only against his ministers.

Unlike Cromwell – three centuries later – they still thought in terms of loyalty to the Crown.

Rebels seize London

Frustrated by failure to meet the King and running short of supplies, Tyler led the rebels up to Southwark and then on to Lambeth. They surged across London Bridge and then turned west to attack the New Temple. Oman explains:

“Of all the classes obnoxious to the insurgents the legal profession was the most hated; it was they who were the tools of the manorial lords in binding the chains of the serf . . .” (Oman, pg. 58).

Joining forces with Londoners the Kent rebels sacked the palace of the Savoy which belonged to John of Gaunt – a particularly unpopular member of the government.

Although bent on an orgy of destruction the rebels were at first well disciplined in respect of resisting the temptation to loot. One rebel, caught looting from the Savoy, was summarily executed by his companions.

In Cheapside a number of unpopular people, including lawyers and Flemings, were beheaded. Popular tradition records that the Flemings were identified by their failure to pronounce “bread and cheese” which they allegedly rendered as “brod and case.”

On 14 June the king finally met the Essex rebels at Mile End. The rebels presented a petition for the abolition of villeinage, a free market in labour, and the right to rent land at a fixed price, to which the king agreed. Clerks wrote out charters in accordance with his promises, and the Essex men began to disperse.

On 15 June the King met the Kent rebels at Smithfield, where they were drawn

up in orderly military units. A heated slanging match developed in the course of which Tyler was killed by William Walworth, the Mayor of London.

Walworth was also the owner of the famous Southwark brothels which were leased to Flemish prostitutes. (*Immigrants and Minorities in British Society* edited by Colin Holmes, George Allen and Unwin, 1978).

Before the rebels could respond, Richard rode forward shouting: “Sirs, will you shoot your king? I am your captain, follow me.” Trading on their genuine loyalty and respect, the King succeeded in persuading the rebels to follow him.

Walworth, meanwhile, rode off to raise the London wards. The anarchy and common criminality into which the revolt had degenerated in the days immediately preceding had alienated the sympathy of London’s population who now turned out to surround the rebels.

Although in a position to attack the rebels, the King forebore to do so, and instead sent them home.

The King then took the initiative and visiting Essex issued a proclamation denying that the rebels had enjoyed his approval. When a deputation of Essex men demanded ratification of the promises made at Mile End he told them: “Villeins ye are still and villeins ye shall remain.”

Rebels' last stand

The rebels did not give up but mustered a large force which prepared to make a stand in a strong position on the edge of a wood near Billericay. They chained rows of carts together and reinforced them with ditches. The Royal forces attacked on 28 June and, overcoming the defenders’ trenches, cut down some five hundred of them, and put the rest to flight.

The revolt had been strongest where the bonds of Feudalism were already weakened, and weakest where they were strong. It was a movement of men making a grasp for objectives just out of reach: “There is general agreement that the Revolt of 1381 owed much of its impetus to men who were rising in the world and striving to be free from archaic restrictions.” (McKisack, pg. 342).

The rising had no traceable effect on the social order. The long-term perspective shows that Feudalism was already in decline before the revolt and that it continued to decline afterwards. This was happening for purely economic reasons – not as a result of the rebellion. According to Oman and others, the immediate result of the revolt was in fact an increase in Feudal oppression

Contd. on page 14

The destruction of the city



Modern urban development has ruined many town and city centres.

CONSERVATION is not only concerned with preserving the countryside from the encroachment of urban development but with the nature of urban development itself.

Fired by a shallow obsession with 1960s modernism and no doubt encouraged by 'back-handers', local councillors have allowed property speculators to rip the hearts out of many of our towns and cities.

Old buildings of historical interest and beauty — symbols of our continuity with the past — have been destroyed. The unique character of each town and city centre with its small shops and businesses, its cosy pubs and residential accommodation, has been lost.

Glass and concrete shopping centres where only large stores such as Marks and Spencer's can afford to establish themselves,

and concrete bunker style multi-storey car-parks have sprung up like a crop of poisonous mushrooms.

Produce-and-consume

These 'spendoramas' aimed at maximising consumption represent the enthronement of economic man: the apotheosis of Capitalist materialism and the envy of Communist materialism. The aim of both systems is to reduce man to a unit of production and consumption operating at the most efficient level, without let or hindrance, and hence 'happy'.

These impersonal, featureless complexes,

which have made each city just like any other, are a fitting accompaniment to the creation of a rootless identityless population, all the better to produce-and-consume. Wind-swept and deserted at night, the complexes invite graffiti and vandalism — the only signs of humanity and individuality.

City centres such as these have contributed to the alienation of modern living. They are not confined to Britain but have spread across many of the historic cities of Western Europe since World War Two.

The mistake may have been realised, but the process is unlikely to stop until the ruling ethos of society is changed. When that ethos is changed and we can set about making our cities habitable again, we are going to need an awful lot of TNT.

FUTUROLOGY

JOHN THORNTON BANNERMAN

Some social implications of the 'microprocessor revolution'

THE 'microprocessor revolution' is the latest dramatic leap forward in our ability to produce electronic devices far more sophisticated, far smaller and more cheaply than seemed possible only a few years ago.

When the first electronic computers appeared in the late 1940s and 1950s they were vast masses of humming machinery, occupying house-sized volumes, costing millions of pounds to construct, and needing to be kept in a carefully purified, dust-free atmosphere at closely controlled temperatures. Teams of attendants had to scurry about with trolleys full of spares to replace the dozens of their hundreds of thousands of redly glowing electronic valves which failed every hour.

Even when the transistor replaced the valve in the 1960s the resulting computers occupied large, air-conditioned rooms and cost hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Today, thanks to the 'microprocessor revolution', a few tens of pounds will buy the man in the High Street comparable, fully-programmable computing power he can put in his pocket. For under £2000 he can buy a microcomputer system such as the PET or APPLE which will sit on a desk-top and far exceed the 1950s giant computers in sophisti-

cation of programs (the instructions telling the machine what it must do), speed and complexity of calculation, and the amount of information the device can store in its 'memory'.

And these advances affect more than just computers. Throughout the electronics industry, circuitry carried on a suitcase-sized array of valves in the 1950s, a transistor-carrying printed circuit board the size of this page in the 1960s, and a postage-stamp-sized 'integrated circuit' in the 1970s, is being incorporated in a silicon 'microchip' microprocessor in the 1980s no larger than a full-stop.

Continuing trend

This in turn has already had its effect on the lives of ordinary people. The £7 credit-card-sized pocket calculator has swept into obsolescence the engineer's slide rule and the schoolboy's logarithm tables, to say nothing of the laborious adding up of bills and other rows of figures by the shopkeeper and the housewife with pen and paper.

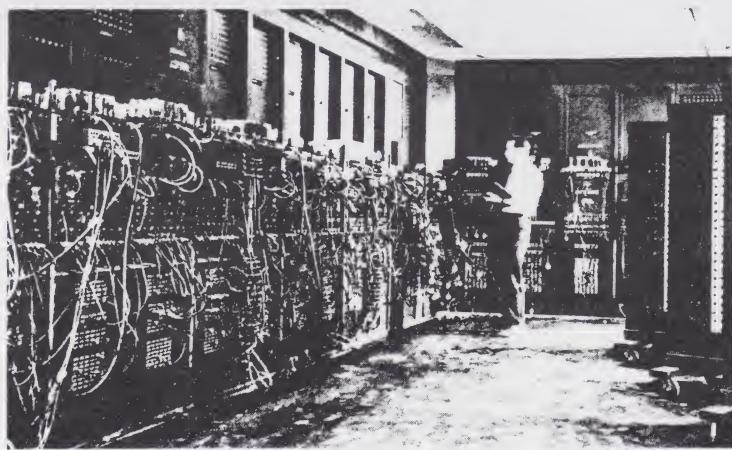
Cheap digital watches, accurate to

seconds in a year, have replaced clockwork on the wrists of the nation, and already, in Italy and Japan, cars built not by men but by computer-controlled robots have begun to roll off the assembly-line in their thousands. All these developments were the wildest fantasy in 1960, and futuristic science-fiction in 1970.

In the 1980s this trend seems bound to continue. Electronic devices seem destined to become ever smaller, ever cheaper, and ever more sophisticated. And this seems certain to have an ever-increasing impact on the lives of all of us.

By the end of this century, if not of this decade, it appears highly likely that microprocessor-directed devices will be able to perform all the repetitive tasks making up any given assembly-line, and to operate automated chemical, ore-refining and power-generating plants, cheaper, faster and more accurately than human workers. They will not tire, get bored, lose concentration, need to stop work at the end of a shift and go home, or take industrial action.

Similarly, once the last remaining problems in the development of computers capable of accepting input in the form of human speech are overcome, computer-



Left: a part of ENIAC, the world's first electronic computer. Right: thousands of microprocessors. Electronic devices seem destined to become smaller, cheaper and more sophisticated. This trend seems certain to have an ever-increasing impact on the lives of all of us.



controlled word processor/printer and other units will replace many secretaries, typists, telephonists, clerks, receptionists and the like. Those managerial and executive staff whose functions are purely administrative, rather than innovative, creative or human-relations oriented, and even some doctors, could also face replacement by machines in the next 10-20 years.

Indeed, by the year 2000 it is entirely possible that a situation will arise in the more advanced Western nations in which anyone lacking well above average intellectual or creative abilities will be unable to play a useful role in most factories or offices other than sweeping the floor, cleaning the lavatories, dusting the desks and polishing up the computer consoles — and machines to perform even these humble tasks are already at the prototype stage.

Home computers

The problem of what the bulk of our people are going to do with their time when they have no factory or office jobs to go to has a feasible twofold solution. Firstly it will be much alleviated directly by the same technical advances which produced the problem in the first place. For the advance of the microprocessor and its successors will affect the home as radically as it will the office and the factory floor. In at most twenty years it will be possible to install in every home a 'home computer unit', in appearance resembling a typewriter console attached to a colour TV set, the TV itself incorporating a teletype printout, and the whole unit connected in place of the existing telephone to the GPO network.

This device would serve as a TV set and as a telephone with vision link an optional extra. But it would also serve as a means of direct access for everyone to the total recorded knowledge, culture and thought of the Race. For, on typing in a request on the input console, any item of information, from today's racing results at Kempton Park to page 45 of the Magnusson/Pálsson translation of *Njal's Saga*, from tomorrow's weather forecast for the Manchester area to the equatorial diameter of the planet Neptune, from the latest film release to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony could be flashed on the screen or played from the speakers (stereo if required!), having been called up from a central data store.

If a permanent record was desired, at the touch of a button written matter or illustrations could be produced from the printer unit. Any given page of any book ever printed, any piece of music ever recorded, any film ever made, would be available instantly to anyone at the touch of a few buttons. This would, of course, render

printed books, newspapers, cinemas, records etc. (but not theatres) largely obsolete. Each time a home (or school) user screens a page of a book or a newspaper, or a film, or plays a piece of music, his bank account would be debited by a nominal sum and that of the appropriate author, publisher, film maker or musician correspondingly credited, thus fairly rewarding him according to the popularity of his work.

All this requires only technology already available, and indeed it is presaged in the present-day CEEFAX and ORACLE services provided by BBC and ITV. At the moment, the 'home computer unit' just described would cost several thousand pounds, but by 2000 it should, if present trends continue, cost only one or two hundred 1981 pounds. All that would then be required would be to 'beef up' the data transmission capacity of the GPO telephone lines and connect up the central data storage computers.

The result would be to put into the hands of the public at large cultural, educational and entertainment resources immensely greater than any of us enjoy today, thus serving not only to fill their increased leisure hours but also, hopefully, to raise their cultural and educational level.

Secondly, life for those freed by the machine from servitude to the machine, be the machine in question typewriter, filing cabinet or conveyor belt, would be greatly



enriched by the wider social consequences of automation. For the soul-destroying conurbations which sprawled cancerously across our land in the 19th and 20th centuries were products of the need to move a vast workforce close to huge mass-production factories. Once machines have replaced that workforce, this need would of course disappear, and with it the hideous human anheaps it spawned. Cities, or at least large towns, would still survive as administrative, educational, cultural, entertainment and social centres, but a great deal of their present-day population could be dispersed into the countryside. Many of today's urban and suburban areas could be returned to the

living world, leaving the historic centres of our cities to be landscaped in harmony with our heritage and our future.

Once in the country, the population could be settled in small (maximum adult population 2000-4000) village communities, in which that true spirit of community and fellowship, that willingness to treat neighbours mostly as friends, perhaps occasionally as foes, but at least as individual people and not as soulless digits, could grow up.

Each local community could be run by its members in the ancient tradition of our Northern peoples through folk-meetings at which all are eligible to speak and to vote, each can know all others present personally, and so heed the wise and shun the foolish, in the only true and workable Democracy. Each community would include several automated factories and those few technicians and maintenance men they require, village shopkeepers, publicans, schoolmasters, tradesmen etc., but would principally be made up of free yeoman farmers, tilling their fields, a tilling freed from peasant drudgery by modern agricultural technology (robot tractors, for example, programmed to plough a field on their own are not far off).

This class has ever been the backbone of a sound and healthy society because its members live in harmony with the natural world, with the cycle of the seasons, growth of crops and the lives of animals, a class rooted in the soil of the Motherland as an urban proletariat can never be.

A better life

Those fitted by ability and inclination to serve the Race on a wider or a higher stage than that provided by their home village — itself, thanks to the computerised access from every home to the total intellectual and cultural wealth of our people no habitation of ignorant rustic yokels — would find scope for their talents and drive in national affairs or in the great spaceward adventure. For the vast supplies of raw materials which the machines will need to make the material prerequisites for the good life for all must eventually be won from the great dark beyond the skies of our homeworld.

The 'microprocessor revolution', the advent of the silicon chip and the accelerating advance in our technological capabilities it represents, opens a road to a better life for all our people, to a continuing social, cultural, intellectual and scientific advance, to the liberation of working people from their position at the bottom of the social pyramid by a new 'mechanical proletariat', to the building of the highest standard of civilisation our World has ever seen, and to the next step upwards on the ladder of our racial destiny.

Traditional British folk song



PART FOUR: THE LATER SONGS

THE earlier ballads of knightly heroism and magic with their numerous narrative verses gave way to shorter folk songs on less exalted but more varied themes.

These were more concerned with the lives and feelings of ordinary people. They were at once both more personal and more universal, in the sense that they reflected the experiences and emotions of some anonymous individual, but that these were experiences and emotions that were shared or appreciated by all. They were often purely lyrical, devoid of any narrative content.

Many were concerned with amatory affairs and adventures, and often reflected loss and regret. When people are having a good time, evidently, they have other things to do than make and sing songs. Emotional losses, on the other hand, often serve as a spur to artistic creativity. Singing of one's own loss could be therapeutic, and singing of someone else's a consolation. A degree of resigned fatalism provided an emotional escape route from a struggle that could not be won.

In the *Blacksmith*, a girl sings of her betrayal by a false lover – a common theme in male as well as female songs:

*A blacksmith courted me, nine months and better.
He fairly won my heart, wrote me a letter.
With his hammer in his hand, he looked so clever,
And if I was with my love, I'd live forever.*

The girl receives news that her love has married someone else:

*"What did you promise me when you sat beside me?
You said you would marry me, and not deny me."
"If I said I'd marry you, it was only for to try you,
So bring your witness, love, and I'll never deny you."*

As in the *Two Magicians*, referred to in Part Three, the blacksmith is a symbol of masculine sexuality.

Symbolism was an important feature of many folk songs, and there was an established code of symbolic meanings attached to different birds, flowers, herbs and trees. The cuckoo was a bird of falsity and deception, while the nightingale and lark denoted erotic encounters. The rose was a symbol of true love, thyme a symbol of virginity, and the weeping willow a symbol of loss.

Symbols drawn from the natural world and elsewhere were also employed to convey quite explicit erotica. Unlike the soulless, crude and debased folk songs of the modern rugby club, these old songs had a tasteful if earthy charm.

Rural man, schooled by agricultural life, had a more healthy and natural attitude to sex. He was free from that modern schizophrenic oscillation between puritanism and obsession which has been the legacy of urbanization and Christianity. Rural man viewed procreation as a natural and enjoyable function in organic sympathy with the natural environment. He may not have expressed it philosophically, but that is the psychology reflected in his songs.

Aspects of the *Two Magicians* – in this instance the 'chase' and shape-changing – are again reflected in *Hares on the Mountain*: from which we quote a couple of snatches:

*If pretty maids could run like hares on the mountain,
They would laugh for to see the young men run a hunting.*

*If pretty maids could fly like blackbirds and thrushes,
They would laugh for to see the young men beat the bushes.*

Hunting metaphor is again employed in the *Bonny Black Hare*:

*The birds they were singing on the bushes and trees,
And the song they sang was: "Oh, she's easy to please."
And I felt her heart quiver and I knew what I'd done.
Says I: "Have you had enough of my old sporting gun?"*

*The answer she gave me, oh, her answer was: "Nay,
It's not often, young sportsman, that you come this way.
But if your powder is good and your bullets are fair,
Why don't you keep firing at the bonny black hare?"*

The agricultural symbols of ploughing, sowing, reaping and mowing were also in widespread use:

*As I was a-walking on the fourteenth of July,
I met a maid and I asked her age, she made me this reply:
"I have a little meadow I've kept for you in store,
And it's only due I should tell you, he never was mowed before."*

She said: "My handsome young man, if a mower that you be,
I'll give you good employment if you'll come along with me."
So it was my good employment to wander up and down
With my taring scythe all to contrive to mow her meadow down.

Besides erotica the later songs encompassed many characteristic aspects of eighteenth and nineteenth century life and fantasy. There are songs of women dressing up as soldiers or sailors to pursue their lovers, or purely for adventure. There are songs about highwaymen. There are songs about avoiding or suffering the press gang — an early and very arbitrary form of conscription. There are songs about horse-riding and cock-fighting. And there are songs about poaching and transportation.

Unlike other criminals the poacher was treated sympathetically in folk song. The enclosure of common land had deprived country people of rights they had enjoyed for centuries. The penalty for poaching was transportation and seven years bonded labour.

Unlike Black slaves, who were owned for life and thus represented a valuable asset to be taken care of, these White slaves were worked to death by masters who tried to extract as much labour as possible from them during their limited period of bondage. If they survived seven years there was still virtually no chance of return, and transportees never saw their wives or children again.

The most wellknown transportation ballad is *Van Diemen's Land*, which tells of transportation to and life in Tasmania. Versions abound all over the British Isles with characters cast in the local English, Scottish or Irish idiom.

Humour

An ingredient absent from earlier songs but found in later ones is humour. Tailors, renowned for their alleged cowardice and ineptitude, were a favourite butt for folk humour:

It's of a brisk young tailor, a story I'll relate,
He lodged at an inn called the Ram and the Gate;
The Ram and the Gate was the place he did dwell,
And wine and women's company he loved exceeding well.
Oh well, Oh well, Oh well, my lads, Oh well,
And wine and women's company he loved exceeding well.

Now the tailor he'd been drinking a glass or two of wine,
And not being used for to drink it made his face to shine;
It caused his face to shine, just like the rising sun,
And he swore he'd have a bonny lass before the night was done.

So he took her in his arms and called her his dear honey,
But while they were a talking, she was fingering of his money;
She was fingering of his money when the tailor smiled and said:
"If you lend me your petticoats, I'll dance like a maid."

The tailor pulled his breeches off and the petticoats he put on,
The tailor danced a dance, and the lassie sang a song;
The tailor danced a dance and they played a pretty tune,
And she danced the tailor's breeches right out of the room.

Oh have you seen a tailor as undone as I'm undone?
My watch and my money and my breeches they are gone;
And now I am undone I'll become a 'garden flower',
And if ever I get my breeches back, I'll never dance no more.



Alcoholic drink was another popular subject for song. *John Barleycorn* echoes the ritual slaughter of a year-king which we examined in Part Two. This version was collected in Bedfordshire. The first three lines were spoken. (We omit the chorus):

There were three men came from the North
Their fortunes for to tell,
And the life of John Barleycorn as well.

They ploughed him in three furrows deep,
Laid clods all on his head,
And they all began to sing joyously,
John Barleycorn is dead.
Oh John Barleycorn is dead.

There came a shower of rain,
Which from the clouds did fall,
John Barleycorn sprang up again,
And he did amaze them all,
And he did amaze them all.

They came with their long hooks,
To cut him off at the knee,
They dashed his head against a stone,
And they used him bitterly,
And they used him bitterly.

They came with their crab sticks,
And cut him skin from bone,
But they served him worse than that,
They crushed him between two stones,
They crushed him between two stones.

After another two violent verses it is revealed that John Barleycorn is not an actual man, but the spirit of barley:

They worked their will upon John Barleycorn
But he lived to tell the tale,
For we pour him into an old brown jug,
And we call him home-brewed ale,
And we call him home-brewed ale.

Later historical ballads were created, but mostly lacked the necessary appeal to survive in the oral tradition. Some of those that did survive will be featured in future instalments.

The tunes of these later ballads in England tended to be more wandering, and A. L. Lloyd attributes the acceleration of this process to lack of security caused by socio-economic dislocation. At base, however, the factor of large-scale Irish immigration seems to have been the cause.

The later songs which we have quoted in this instalment have a pre-industrial if not altogether rural flavour. Side by side with this predominantly rural mainstream, a new current of distinctly urban songs was flowing and gathering pace in the industrial cities . . .

ARCHAEOLOGY

Vikings made own glass

THE archaeological excavations in York have revealed that the Vikings made their own glass from raw materials. It was previously thought that they used to melt down old Roman glass.

Modern archaeological and scientific investigations continually deal blows to the once popular assumption that our Northern European ancestors were complete primitives.

REVIEW

JOHN THORNTON BANNERMAN

The House of the Wolfings

THIS is a long-awaited reprint of a classic work of heroic fantasy first published in 1889 and out of print for many decades. Loosely based on the historical defeat of three Roman legions under the command of Publius Quintilius Varus by a confederation of Germanic tribes welded together by the war-leader Hermann in the Teutoburger Forest in AD9, *The House of the Wolfings* tells of the Men of the Mark, a Gothic people living in three forest clearings along the Mirkwood-water, and how, led by Thiodolf of the House of the Wolfings, one of the kindreds of the Mark-men, and Otter of the Laxings, they meet and eventually beat off a Roman invasion.

It is a gripping and at times moving tale of courage, nobility of spirit, honour, might on the field of battle and love, both between man and woman and between man and the land and people of which he is part. The

reader is caught up in the heroic struggle of a people for their way of life, their land, their freedom and their lives in the face of an implacable and powerful foe. For, after initial successes, the Men of the Mark are driven back to the very eaves of the ancient ancestral Roof, the great hall of the Wolfings, before snatching final victory at the cost of the lives of both their war-leaders and of many a doughty warrior.

But *The House of the Wolfings* is more than just an enjoyable and thrilling read. Its true and lasting value, as for later works, such as those of Tolkien, in the same genre, is that it is a reassertion of the values of our Race in the face of soul-deadening cultural cosmopolitanism and the alien-inspired cult of the anti-hero. All heroic fantasy does that but rarely is that reassertion so evident, so explicit, and so powerful as in this work. Morris counterposes the vision of a people "tall and for the most part comely . . . the most of them light-haired and grey-eyed . . . white of skin but for the sun's burning and the wind's parching, and whereas they were tanned of a very ruddy and cheerful hue" against a race-mixed rabble of whom "it may be said that they have forgotten kindred and have none, nor do they heed whom they wed, and great is the confusion among them."

A people "concerned with making their peace with nature", craftsmen and bards living in harmony with their gods, the land and the living world of which they are a part face "the folk of the cities" who "dwell 'mid confusion of heaped houses, dim and black as the face of Hell."

Free and proud

A free and proud warrior folk, who meet to decide questions affecting their common welfare at the hallowed Thing-stead in a Folk-moot at which all those bound by blood to the Folk – but not thralls or other aliens – are free to have their say, face a tyranny in which "mighty men ordain where they shall dwell, and what shall be their meat, and how long they shall labour . . . a people mighty but unhappy," among whom even warriors cringe before the lash of the centurions' vine staves.

This may not be a fair picture of the real Goths and Romans of yesterday, but it certainly is a fair picture of the alternatives before us tomorrow: either a comity of free, racially pure folk-communities, bound together by loyalty to the Land and to the Blood, and living culturally fulfilled lives in harmony with the rest of nature or a

mongrel mass crammed into soul-destroying megalopolitan ant-heaps under the lash of alien tyrants who reduce all culture to the lowest level of profitable prole-feed and subordinate the destinies of the races and nations they have destroyed to their own insatiable lust for power and wealth.

And there is little doubt that Morris saw it that way too. One of the early British Socialists whose patriotic and race-conscious attitudes were analysed in our first issue, Morris translated Icelandic sagas and otherwise manifested an enthusiasm for our people's Germanic ancestors as well as for racially harmonious cultural manifestations such as the pre-Raphaelite artists amongst whom his friend Sir Edward Burne-Jones was prominent.

Rejects alien influences

Even the language in which the book was written rejects alien influences and degenerate modernisms in a conscious effort not so much as critic Friedrich Kirschhoff pointed out "to evoke the past as to revitalize the language through a return to its Germanic roots." The result combined with Morris's poetic flair – he was offered, and declined, the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford in 1877 and his *Defence of Guenevere* is today considered one of the best Victorian poems – is to make the reading of his style in this work as rich and satisfying and as filled with the flavour of our native soil as a good draught of our best traditional ale.

The House of the Wolfings, therefore, is a fine and worthy book, well deserving of inclusion in the bookshelf of any racially aware patriot. It is not merely enjoyable to read, it is an inspiration to send soaring aloft the spirit of those today who, like Thiodolf's Gothic warriors, face racial extinction at the hands of a brutal alien foe.

For, as the Muspellheim glow of the flames lights the sky over South London, who of our people can be deaf to the call to battle of Arinbiorn the Old, war-chief of the Bearing kindred: "But now look to it what ye will do; for we may no longer endure these outlanders in our houses, and we must either die or get our own again: and that is not merely a few wares stored up for use, . . . nor certain timbers piled up into a dwelling, but the life we have made in the land we have made. I show you no choice, for no choice there is."

The House of the Wolfings by William Morris (George Prior, 1979)

REVISIONISM

Democratic tyranny

REVISIONIST STUDIES are important if only because World War Two propaganda myths are the principal weapon employed by internationalists to attack Racial-Nationalist movements.

The struggle to reach a more objective view about the alleged 'Holocaust' – the accusation that Nazi Germany gassed six million Jews – has not been met with reasoned argument, but with unreasoning suppression.

Herr Juergen Schmude, West Germany's Justice Minister, has said that tough new rules are being prepared against the distribution of pamphlets and books denying the 'Holocaust'.

(The post-war German legal system seems fond of trying to 'settle' matters of historical debate. A legal wrangle over the responsibility of Marinus van der Lubbe for the Reichstag fire in 1933 has been going on since 1946.)

It is rather ironic that the 'ultra-democratic' post-war German government should resort to censorship when it is their Nazi predecessors who had such a reputation for book-burning!

The Nouvelle Droite and its publications

IN 1979 the French Nouvelle Droite (New Right) which had been ignored for a decade was suddenly subjected to the full glare of media publicity and Zionist terrorism.

The Nouvelle Droite or 'ND' is not a political party, but an intellectual and cultural movement devoted to a European renaissance.

The French ND should not be confused with the Nouveaux Philosophes (New Philosophers) such as Levy and Glucksman, a mostly Jewish group of former Anarchists and Marxists who were active in the upheavals of 1968 but who are now peddling a form of Libertarianism.

Nor should the French ND be thought analogous with the Libertarian Conservatives of the American New Right, an alliance of rootless cosmopolitans devoted to the laissez-faire Capitalism of classical Manchester School Liberalism with a bevy of Bible-punching born-again Christian fundamentalists.

Rejecting both Marxism and Judeo-Christianity, the ND looks to a varied collection of thinkers from whom to synthesize an ethos, and to our Indo-European roots for the foundation of a culture more in keeping with our innate racial character.

The expression 'New Right' is in a sense a misnomer, for the French New Right aspires to go beyond Left and Right. It advances the biological realities of physical anthropology as an antidote to the tyranny and mediocrity of egalitarianism, and argues that the recognition of these biological realities is vital to any real progress.



Alain de Benoist – leading intellectual.

The approach pursued by the ND is characterised by support for ethno-cultural particularism and avowed Nietzschean-influenced paganism.

The organisational basis of the ND is an association called GRECE – Groupement de Recherche et d'Etude pour la Civilisation Européenne (Group for the Study and Research of European Civilization). It was GRECE's Fourteenth Conference in December 1979 which was violently attacked by an armed mob of Zionists. Despite GRECE's non-party political role, its mere defence of Western culture, and its genuine respect for the survival of all ethnic groups, it nevertheless drew the ire of the world's oldest racists.



Many if not all of GRECE's fundamental concepts are to be found in *Vue de Droite (Seen from the Right)*, a critical anthology of contemporary ideas by Alain de Benoist – the ND's leading intellectual.

Besides its own publishing house (Editions Copernic) the ND's *Kulturkampf* is waged through the pages of some highly attractive periodicals, the principal ones being *Nouvelle Ecole* (edited by Alain de Benoist) and *Eléments*.

Nouvelle Ecole has an impressive board of patrons including many well-known writers, academics, scientists, lawyers, critics, historians, psychologists, journalists and philosophers, from all over the world.

There are also a number of regional publications associated with the ND such as the highly artistic *Artus* magazine, which is devoted to the Celtic heritage of Brittany.

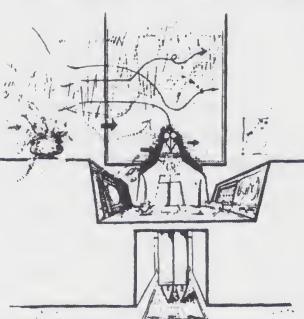
ND writers are also prominent contributors to the mass-circulation *Figaro Magazine*, which is edited by Louis Pauwels – co-author of the bestseller on occult mysticism, *The Morning of the Magicians*.

Apart from the founding of *Heritage and Destiny*, which was in part inspired by the example and achievement of the ND, there is little evidence of a parallel intellectual and cultural initiative surfacing in Britain. When viewing the following enjoyed by the ND amongst the French intelligentsia we are bound to ask: "Where is Britain's equivalent?"



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MISCELLANY

Mead – the drink of the North

S. V. HOLROYD

MEAD is an ancient drink based on a honey-fermented water. Very probably this fermentation was something of a hit and miss because it all depended on what natural yeasts were available in order to produce the required alcoholic liquor.

The Nordic Sagas tell us about the 'mead halls' wherein the great feasts were held amid the song and saga recalling brave deeds and feats of valour. Here were the Folk gathered around their leaders. They heard of that most wonderful drink of all drinks – the Mead of Suttung brewed in the magic cauldron Odherir.

To obtain a first-class mead one must wait a few years and such being the case this fact would make good mead hard to come by and very expensive. How then did our forefathers (so we are told) drink so much mead all the time? Well, they did not. I believe that the Anglo-Saxon 'medu' (mead) and 'melu' (meal got from ground grains of wheat and the like) became confused in usage. Moreso in view of the fact that 'meal' (as barley and rye, for instance) also produced a drink and by far the most common drink was the 'ale'. This is, of course, a beer without hops.

Now ale could be cheaply and quickly made although again the fermentation of it before the day of commercially produced brewer's yeast depended on what natural yeasts were about or in whatever grain was

used for the drink. In place of the non-existent sugar our Nordic ancestors used honey – a thing which could offer natural yeasts along with the inherent alcoholic reaction that both honey and yeast in water would bring about. In short, they brewed a mead ale.

Not many could drink a pint or two of real mead and remain sober afterwards, but mead ale, a less potent brew, could be



consumed in fairly large quantities and, after all, nobody wishes for a drink which produces 'instant drunkenness' so that mead ale with its low alcoholic content filled the bill. The rather plain monotonous diet of our forefathers required such a drink as ale to go with it and this fact was accepted by rich and poor alike. Wines were known of course but as most were imported or taken as war booty, they were neither cheaply nor

readily to hand for everyday drinking. We must also not forget that a mead or ale brew in the day of Leif Erikson was never then bottled (let alone canned) so that such brews were consumed fairly quickly.

On festal occasions the Nordic gods were honoured and horns drunk to them and this was called drinking their *minne* or memorial draught and also it was common custom to bemoan the absence of friends dead or alive but moreso the dead ones. In Valhalla there is a plentiful supply of mead for all.

A drink of which honey forms the chief ingredient may be termed 'mead' but before the advent of sugar to Europe, honey had to be the sweetener for anything requiring such treatment. For fermentation purposes honey had to be used hence its universal useage in brewing.

Mead, once a common drink throughout Europe, began to lose its popularity with the advent of cheap sugar for all, it replacing the honey and thus by doing so denying the right of any brew not using honey to be called mead. To make mead is quite easy but your purist is not satisfied with honey and water and yeast and nor will he consider his mead fit for drinking unless it is five years old or more. Types of honey make for types of mead and some do not make good mead at all. Anyone considering making mead or mead ale ought to read up on the subject beforehand. I know our Nordic forefathers enjoyed their mead and mead ale so go to it – make some yourself!

HISTORY

Peasants' Revolt cont.

in opposition to the general historical trend.

It is pointless to debate what might have happened if the revolutionaries had been successful, because they could not have been successful.

It is only rarely that determined political movements can change the course of history, and the Peasants' Revolt had none of the criteria necessary for success.

It was a spontaneous expression of discontent, not an organised revolution. The rebels acted merely as a pressure group, appealing to the ruling Establishment to do this, that and the other, instead of aiming to exercise power in their own right.

Its motives were varied: it had no co-

herent worldview. It was not based on a developed ideology capable of providing a *raison d'être*.

Its leaders, by all accounts an egotripping opportunist and a religious crank, were thrown up in the heat of the moment. They did not form an organised and educated cadre capable of ruling the country.

Its followers, likewise, did not form a disciplined revolutionary organisation, and were politically ignorant and naïve.

These factors could not have been any different. As a social revolution it was in every way premature.

How, then, is its history of any value to us today?

First, it belies the ridiculous myth spread by the exponents of multiracialism that the English have traditionally been

tolerant towards foreign immigrants.

Secondly, it belies the other myth that England has no revolutionary tradition and serves as an object lesson for those interested in a successful revolution...

Thirdly, and of most importance, it is a symbol of national revolution. Despite its inadequacies and its failure, one is inevitably stirred by the emotive image of an armed host, gathered under the banners and emblems of their nationhood, and ranged against the treachery of their pro-immigrant rulers.

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